

Coffman & Owen
HARDWARE and TINNERS
PHONE NO. 279

THE EVENING NEWS.

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 17, 1907

VOLUME 4

M. LEVIN
NEW and SECOND HAND
FURNITURE

NUMBER 75

We Want Young Men



Young men who have graduated from short pants and who are full of ideas about clothes. We want them to see the choice pickings we've made in their interest from **KIRSCHBAUM'S** spring and summer style. We figure that every young man who buys a suit of these makes from us this spring will be a walking and talking ad for us. He will have reason to be after the value he gets from us for his **\$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50 OR \$20.00.**

Straw Habs, Fancy Neckwear, Fancy Summer Underwear, Negligee Shirts. In fact everything in furnishings for men and young men.

Cox-Greer-McDonald Co.

CELEBRATE at ROFF

Everybody invited to come. All Fraternal Orders are invited to take part. Come early, help swell the crowd and have a good time.

SPECIAL RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.

Something Needed Portland Park Addition

Lots near the big Cement Plant to accommodate the hundreds of laborers to be employed in this great industry. This need has been met by laying out the Portland Park Addition just west of the cement plant. Lots are 30 feet by 140, with 60-foot streets and 20-foot alleys. Prices of lots are from \$20 to \$30. Terms, \$5 down and \$2 per month. A large reservoir is to be built on the north side by the cement company which will afford boating and fishing.

The Title is Perfect and the Location Slightly and Healthful. Get on Easy Street by Buying Lots in Portland Park.

Homes in the Reach of All in Portland Park Addition.

Plant your Money in Portland Park and let it Grow. Real Estate is the foundation of wealth--it's safe and sure. Get in on the ground floor at Portland Park.

Only room for 80 families in Portland Park while hundreds will be needed. This is the only land that will be available for years. Have you seen Ada lots advance one hundred and even one thousand per cent, while you waited to see what the town would do? Take a tumble to yourself and buy lots in Portland Park. These lots are being sold at half their real value and on terms within the reach of all.

Ada Title and Trust Co.

Read The News Want Ads.

THE STATE CONVENTION

Will Canvass Vote--Adopt Platform-- Reorganize Committee--Only Five Counties Unreported--Haskell and Gore Maintain Lead

Oklahoma City, June 17.—Many politicians are arriving here to attend the state committee meeting tomorrow when an official canvass of the votes will be made and to participate in the state convention Tuesday. It has been outlined to place the state campaign in charge of a committee of eleven, two members from each congressional district to be independent of the state central committee.

J. B. Thompson of Pauls Valley who has been in charge during the primary campaign, will probably be continued as chairman of the new state central organization. While not definitely settled it is well understood that the campaign committee will be John Doolin, Alva; O. D. Haskell, Oklahoma City; John Williams, Kingfisher; W. W. Hastings, Tahlequah; Dr. E. J. Newell, Yale; Thomas H. Clark, Tulsa, and Mr. Tate of Terrell, Okla.

There are several being discussed for chairman of the campaign committee, but it looks tonight the distinction would go to Tom Owen of Muskogee, if he will have it.

William H. Murray of Tishomingo, president of constitutional convention, will be temporary chairman of the state convention. In the platform, prohibition adherents will make an effort to secure a direct endorsement of their idea, while the antis are already on the ground asking for a liberal expression on local option. The leaders propose, if possible, to keep the platform free of section which would fail to solidify the party in the approaching campaign and it is highly probable the platform will in endorsing the constitution, compliment the convention for giving the sovereign voter an opportunity to pass upon the state-wide prohibition idea, and at the same time declare in favor of a strict enforcement of all laws. It will also advocate the removal of restrictions, as applied to the Indian Territory, and endorse the last national democratic platform.

There are in conference tonight on matters affecting the campaign R. L. Owens and T. P. Gore, nominees for the United States senate, C. N. Haskell, nominee for governor, Wm. H. Murray, president of the constitutional convention, Geo. Henshaw, Madill; T. Tom Owen, Muskogee; W. C. Hughes, Oklahoma City; R. L. Williams, Durant, and J. B. Thompson, the primaries.

PONTOTOC CO. CONVENTION

Twenty-eight Delegates Chosen to State Convention

A good number of democrats from all parts of the county met at the court house at 12 o'clock today and organized the first county convention of Pontotoc. Tom D. McKeown called the meeting to order and after stating the purpose of meeting declared nominations in order for permanent chairman. Judge H. M. Furman was unanimously chosen chairman and Sam McClure of Roff, secretary, and Curt King assistant secretary. The following committee on credentials were appointed: Robt. Wimbish, C. A. Galbraith and

On motion each delegate filed their credentials with the secretary and nearly all the precincts were represented either by accredited delegates or by proxies.

A motion carried that the chair appoint a committee of three to nominate 28 delegates to the state convention which convenes in Oklahoma City Tuesday, the 18th. The chair appointed J. W. Bolen, E. H. Lucas and Sam McClure.

The committee on delegate reported the following names: Roff, L. R. Boyd, Sam McClure, T. J. Smith, L. J. Shook, Francis, Tucker George, L. C.

Oliver, Stonewall, J. C. Cates, Allen, P. H. Deal, Frisco, Dr. Truxax, Blackrock, Dave Crabtree, Ada, Henry Furman, E. S. Ratliff, Geo. Harrison, W. H. Ebey, W. C. Duncan, J. E. Grigsby, Otis B. Weaver, E. H. Lucas, J. W. Dean, J. W. Bolen, R. M. Riddle, Dr. M. W. Ligon, Tom McKeown, Carlton Weaver, W. G. Broadfoot, Jno. Crawford, C. A. Galbraith, Jno. Rindard, and W. H. L. Campbell.

With the above list reported was a recommendation of the committee that each delegate named who would be unable to attend the state convention should have power to appoint his own proxy.

Tom D. McKeown made a motion that all candidates nominated in the primary on June the 8th be declared the regular democratic nominees for the various officers of Pontotoc county. Motion was seconded by Carlton Weaver and was unanimously carried.

The question of the delegation supporting a man for a place on the platform committee at the state convention was brought up and it was suggested that the candidates be permitted to have this representative. Geo. Thompson of Ada objected to this

25 Per Cent From the Regular Price

This sale will positively last no longer than Saturday, June 22.

See what you can save by taking advantage of the discount

Blue Serges in two pieces, our former price.....	\$12.50	3-Piece suits, our former price.....	\$10.00
On sale now for.....	\$9.38	Now on sale for.....	\$7.50
Our suits in two pieces, former price.....	\$15.00	Our 3-piece suits, former price.....	\$7.50
Now on sale for.....	\$11.25	Now on sale for.....	\$5.63

Just received the Silver Brand up-to-date Negligee Shirts, and the Gold Brand

\$1.00 and \$1.50

I. HARRIS.

claiming that the people whom can-
upon same, that they should step
dicates were to serve should write the
down and out. This matter was left
party platform and if the candidates
hanging fire and the convention ad-
should not see fit to make the race
journed.

BONES OF YOUNG BABE

While Hoeing in Garden J. B. Har- rison Unearts Gruesome Evidence of Crime

With thought only upon beans, cab-fodder. Under the bucket he found the tiny skull of an infant. The condition of the bones it is said, indicate the babe was buried in the garden scarcely more than a year ago, and their size would indicate the child was newborn.

By chance his hoe struck a metallic surface which excited his curiosity. Digging deeper he found it to be an inverted zinc bucket. Excavating further, and turning over the bucket, he detected an unpleasant

newborn. Officers have been notified of the gruesome find and will investigate.

If unearthed it will probably be a

case of shame, possibly of even more

murder!

GAVE OLD FOLKS THE SLIP

Two Pontotoc County Girls Run Away and Give Parents Trouble

Sunday night Deputy Marshal her child of tender years.

Brents was summoned hurriedly to the home of Jim Perry. Hastening thither, not knowing what sort of a tragic scene awaited him, he found Mrs. Perry agonizing over the disappearance of her 14 year old daughter, Miss Zava Wade, and she desired him to find the daughter.

It developed that the girl, in company with one Charles Vaunress, of Ada, had accompanied another couple to Olite Sunday. At night when the girl had not returned, telephone communication revealed the fact that she and her escort had driven across to Ahiose, sent the team back to Ada and taken the Katy train north.

Mr. Brents communicated with officers at Shawnee and found the fugitive pair had already been married by a minister and were compactly quartered at a hotel.

The indignant mother declares she will prosecute the groom for marrying her child.

And The Negro Flew. neer in these regions, George made swift headway toward the flats where he is reputed to abide, divesting himself, as he went, of all parcels that hindered.

Bob Rowland, L. J. Shook, Sam McClure and Joseph Anderson of Roff; J. T. Watson, Tucker George, John Smith and L. C. Oliver of Francis; J. C. Shipley, Mr. Crabtree and son, Dave of Blockrock, Prof. Fenton, Crawford and J. C. Cates of Stonewall; E. B. Gregory, Prof. McClurkin, and Mr. Riddle of Egypt; Mr. Fullingame of Knox, were among the attendants at the convention today.

Ada Evening News

Otis B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor
GEO. B. CHASE, Business Mgr.

Entered as second-class mail matter March 25, 1901, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1893.

Advertising rates on application

MASON DRUG CO.

An Elegant Establishment, Up-to-Date in Every Particular.

The model pharmacy of the Mason Drug Co. is one of the most attractive and best in the country. It has been established six years, transacting an increased business yearly and has become a recognized headquarters for everything handled by an up-to-date drug house. It occupies a handsomely fixtured room and carries an extensive stock of pure drugs, chemicals, patent medicines and proprietary medicines, ph. sci., as sundries, perfumes, soaps, brushes, combs, fancy leather goods, high grade novelties of all kinds, and an elegant onyx fountain for all cold soft drinks during the summer months. The prescription department is carefully conducted and well patronized, and in all respects the house is modern and up-to-date, equaling many found in the large cities. The proprietor, Mr. B. H. Mason was born and reared in the state of Texas, and was in the drug business in Ardmore before coming to Ada. As a druggist and citizen he stands high throughout the community and is recognized as one of Ada's most capable and progressive men. With a mind as bright as any, mellow, as well as wise by experiences of life rightfully taken, a gentleman by birth and education and character he commands the respect of all who know him, and consequently occupies a high position in all walks of life.

MOSS & SCRIBNER.
Fine Exclusive Grocery House—Under Progressive Management.

It is truly said that the grocer is the apostle of good cheer and a missionary of home comfort, for pure food and food products are essential to health and happiness of all human beings, and a clean, well selected stock of goods, polite and attentive service in supply demands of trade are always recognized by a discerning purchaser. The house of S. L. Moss and J. W. Scribner, in the Henry & Biles building, established two and a half years ago are known as among the most prominent grocers of Pontotoc county. Their fresh and up-to-date stock consists of a fine line of standard canned and bottled goods, dried, evaporated and fresh fruits, teas, the well-known Golden Gate coffee, invincible flour, in fact everything in eatables in the grocery line, purchased from well-known reliable sources of supply. Mr. Moss is a native of Missouri, and Mr. Scribner of Texas. In business they are leaders and enjoy a fine trade among our best families. As citizens they are highly respected and honest, honorable, conscientious men, and loyal supporters of their adopted city—Ada.

FRANK HUDDLESTON.
Breeder of Thoroughbred Poland-China Hogs.

Frank Huddleston is one of Pontotoc's progressive stockmen, making a specialty of breeding thoroughbred Poland-China swine. He is the owner of "Dynamo," the best pedigree male in this part of the territory. Mr. Huddleston believes in the best and not long since paid a long price for this fine son of the sweepstakes winner "Indiana" who in turn is a son of the sweepstakes winner L. & W. Perfection who is a son of the king of the breed, Chief "Perfection 2." Those of our farmers and breeders who wish to improve their swine up to the 20th century standard that they may profitably engage in the business of raising hogs, for it costs no more to raise the right kind than it does the razor back, should write Mr. Huddleston and secure from his herd a start from the get of "Dynamo." Mr. Huddleston was born and reared in what is now Pontotoc county and is a widely known young man and one of our most enterprising and respected farmers. His address is Ada, I. T.

L. T. WALTERS.
Undertaker and Embalmer.

Coffins: Athenian heroes were buried in coffins of the cedar tree, owing to its aromatic and incorruptible qualities. Coffins of marble and stone were used by the Romans, Alexander is said to have been buried in one of gold, and glass coffins have been found in England. The earliest record of wooden coffins among English speaking people is that of King Arthur, an entire trunk of oak, hollowed, A. D. 542. Patented coffins were invented in 1796. The house now conducted by L. T. Walters has been established several years, and purchased by him May 1st, 1901. Mr. Walters is a native of Benton Co., Arkansas, a resident of the Territory nine years and for four years a citizen of Ada. Prior to his present venture he was employed by W. C. Duncan, in the undertaking department of the house. Mr. Walter is an expert

and practical undertaker and embalmer, fully capable to take entire charge of the management and direction of funerals. At his store is seen a beautiful line of coffins, casket, trimmings, etc., and a fine hearse is at ready call of the public. People of the community are fortunate in having a man so able, and whose ability has many times been demonstrated. Mr. Walters is a property owner, a member of the Masonic and I. O. O. F. orders, and stands high in business and social circles of our city.

INHERITANCE OF THE DOG.

Some Breeds Are Born With Strong Friendship for Man.

By the environment of his forbears for generations back you may know the dog. An Eskimo or sledge dog or a Chinese chow chow could never create the deep friendship that a dachshund or an English sheep dog or collie or a bulldog or a terrier is capable of inspiring.

Years before any of us were thought of the sledge dog was a beast of burden, tolerated because human life depended on his "motor" power. He grinded the necessary wherewithal to keep his "machinery" in good order and created not as a companion but as a pariah and as a brute without feeling, without thought, without hope.

How expect a descendant of these half-starved, cuffed and buffeted animals not to shrink from the uplifted hand and treat with suspicion all friendly overtures? All man has done for him and his forbears has been to play the brute and make life a weary bondage.

And in all parts of the globe where the struggle for life is most desperate and people, according to our estimate, are brutes or semi or whole savages, so are the dogs of that people.

Persian wolfhounds, chow chows, "dingoes" in the wilds of Australia, Tibet mastiffs, all more or less dread man, who many years ago beat them into subjection, not affection.

Cutting Down on Pie.

"You may quote me all sorts of statistics about the rise in foodstuffs," said a man who patronized a quick lunch establishment, "but the best evidence is that pie has been reduced to the eighth cut and in many places shows signs of being further reduced to the sixteenth division, if not to the vanishing point. Why it is not so many years ago that we used to get a quarter of a pie for a nickel, but now it is in fear and trembling that one calls for the great American delicacy."

"I tell you, sir," he went on menacingly, "some day New York will wake up and find a rebellion in each row when the pie princes reduce our pie to the one-thirty-second part.—N. Y. Sun.

Ancient Artists in France.

The caves of southern France are the most remarkable in the world for their wall pictures, made by prehistoric men, who were contemporary with the mammoth, the rhinoceros and the reindeer in that country.

Some of the pictures are engraved in the rock, some are painted with different colors. They usually represent extinct animals, such as cave lions and cave bears.

A faithful representation of the rhinoceros, with its two horns of unequal length, is found in a cavern at Font de Gaume. The prehistoric artists made their paint of ochre of various shades, pulverized and mixed in water.

Hardly Understood.

"Silent Smith," said a broker, "was a good, kind man, but a busy one, a foe to bores and time wasters." He used to fish occasionally at Shawnee and a Shawnee farmer on a junket to the city once made bold to visit him in his New York office. "Well, Josh, how'd Silent Smith use you?" they asked the farmer at the general store on his return.

"Fellers," said the old man, warmly, "Silent Smith is the perltest cuss ever see. I hadn't idn't seen him chasin' with him more'n a quarter of an hour 'fore he'd told me six times to come in an' see him ag'in."

Royal Family Names.

Savoy is the family name of the king of Italy, the founder of whose house was Humbert, the White Hawk, Count of Savoy, who died about the time of the first crusade. The patronymics of the grandduke of Baden is Zachringen. That of the reigning family of Bavaria has for near 1,000 years been Wittelsbach, a name taken from a village in Upper Bavaria; while the king of Sweden is of course a Bernadotte, being the grandson of a Pyrenean peasant by name.—Sunday Magazine.

WHERE WAS THE CAT?

Admitting the Meat, Owner Wanted to Be Shown Feline.

A certain family living in one of the suburbs of New York owned a kitten of which they were very fond. When they went away for the summer it was decided after various consultations to leave the kitten with the butcher, on condition that he should treat it with the greatest kindness and give it about a pound of meat a week besides its daily allotment of cream. Some weeks after the family had closed the house for the summer the nominal head of the family visited the suburb to attend to some business matters, and decided that he might as well drop in at the butcher's to see how the kitten was getting along.

He found the kitten curled up in a corner asleep and apparently at peace with the world, but, far from being sleek or well fed in appearance, it was so thin that he felt constrained to call the attention of the butcher to the fact.

"Do you mean to say you have fed that cat a pound of meat during the last week?" he asked.

"I certainly have," responded the butcher.

"Put him on the scales and see how much he weighs."

The butcher did as requested, and gently deposited the kitten in the balance. The pointer indicated exactly one pound.

"Well, granted the owner of the animal," said the butcher, "there's the pound of meat all right, but where's the cat?"

TREES THAT ARE A MYSTERY.

One a Vegetable Freak and the Other a Greedy Monopolist.

California has one tree which is the personification of mystery. Found nowhere else in the world, it had a mysterious origin and thrives in a region of mystery.

The Mayava yucca is a vegetable freak which has developed into a species. It has the characteristics of several plants, to which no relationship can be traced.

It is an endogen, yet its bark shows concentric rings such as characterize the exogenous stems. It lives and thrives in great numbers in a region early devoid of vegetation in a land of heat and thirst and barrenness.

Another tree in California which has a peculiar personality is the creeping oak of Monterey.

Nowhere in the vegetable kingdom can be found so true a representative of monopoly. This tree is of gnarly growth, its limbs, like those of the sycamore, bending and twisting in all directions.

Wherever a branch touches the earth it takes root and becomes, as it were, another trunk, though still a branch of the main stem, drawing nourishment both from the parent stem and from the new source. In this manner the tree is spread till it has taken possession of five acres of ground and it is still advancing.

Advice to Wives.

Nothing is so consoling to a worried man of affairs as to know that he can always find a harbor of refuge in his home.

Hence advises an observant woman, the wife should seek always to make the home an abode of peace. Her troubles and perplexities should be reserved for discussion when he is comfortable and at leisure, and not sprung upon him the moment he enters the house at the close of his day's work.

Many men fight their way successfully through years of anxious toil only to be broken down at last by the frets and jars of ill-managed households and the incessant gabble of wives who insist on deluging them with their domestic grievances.

Ship's Remarkable Voyage.

A remarkable voyage south to Buenos Ayres was made the last part of last year by the barque Strathisla, of Boston, details of which were related the other day, when the barque arrived back at Boston. She started with a cargo of lumber and had nothing eventful happen until September 26, when a hurricane was encountered. The barque was thrown on her beam ends and by a shift of cargo there she stayed and did not right herself for the remainder of the voyage of 4,000 miles. Fortunately she met no more very bad weather and with her heavy list to starboard she made Buenos Ayres in 99 days, a voyage so protracted that the agents feared she was lost.

Implicit Obedience.

The famous Field family, Cyrus and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to obey. The father was a clergymen with \$800 a year for nine children, and frugality and right living were absolutely necessary. Once a useful rat trap was missing. The father gave orders that when it was found it should be brought directly to him. A few days afterward during service, when the sermon was in full swing, there was a clattering up the aisle. It was two of the Field boys carrying the rat trap. They gravely set it down before the pulpit. One of them said simply: "Father, here's your rat trap." Then they turned and went out.

The Motive.

"If Miss Hoamley-Rich wants that fance of hers to do anything for her she's merely got to command him."

"Yes he's like dough in her hands."

"Hoh! you mean he likes the fance in her name."

CHURN FOR A HEAD PIECE.

Piece of Mischief That Might Have Had Fatal Results.

Nearly everyone has heard of the man whose dog got his head caught in a pitcher into which he had thrust it after a taste of the milk at the bottom. The man cut the dog's head off to save the pitcher and then broke the pitcher to get the dog's head out. An incident with almost similar features occurred in the little village of Stanton, N. C., the other day. The children of Mr. Uriah Bumgarner were playing on the porch of their home when a small daughter picked up a churn, one of the old-fashioned kind with a large bottom and a small opening, and in a spirit of mischief placed it upside down over the head of her two-year-old brother, who was sitting on the floor. The little girl accidentally dropped the churn and down it went over the head of the child, who began to yell. The father and several neighbors ran up and found that the boy had turned his chin

Color Blindness Among Girls.

An intelligent physician has discovered that color blindness is very rare among girls, though it is common among boys. From this fact he draws the conclusion that in most cases color blindness is due to a want of early education in discriminating colors. Girls are taught to become familiar with every shade of colors, while boys receive no instruction whatever on the subject. Hence, boys frequently exhibit an ignorance with true color blindness, but which girls rarely show.

Lacemakers Will Not Leave Home.

"One reason that the imported laces will always hold good is that the Swiss workmen, who are most expert, will not live in this country," said D. E. Schwab. "While domestic manufacturers can do right well in copy they cannot turn out the fine finish."

"The Swiss workmen live content on a small wage, and with their families and relatives about them they are happy. But in this country it is different; they don't stay long. The importation of these lace manufacturers has been tried often, but without success."

Friday Not Always Unlucky.

Is Friday unlucky? Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Washington, Bismarck, Faureheit and Surgeon were born on Friday. Henry VIII gave Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. Columbus actually discovered this continent and the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock on Friday. Once more, The first newspaper printed by steam power (the London Times) appeared both on a Friday; while the stamp act was repealed in England on the same day of the week. With Charles Dickens Friday was an especial favorite.

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The Humorist Didn't.

"It must be pretty difficult to originate five or six jokes per day," suggested the casual visitor.

"It must so," assented the cheerful press humorist. Do you know of anybody who does it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Classifying Him.

"Of course, he's an illiterate fellow, but he's excessively proud. He boasts that he was born and bred in old Kentucky."

"Good thing he wasn't born in Kentucky; he couldn't have been born there. He'd have been a cobbler."

Sharp Mister Fox.

About a dozen farmers' boys in New Hampshire turned out one Saturday last winter to hunt down a fox that was known to have his lair in a hill. Reynard was finally routed out, and after leading the crowd a chase of ten miles he doubled back and his trail was lost near a certain farmhouse. Hunters and dogs beat around for two hours and then gave up. When they had departed the fox left the house by a broken window. He had entered the same way and concealed himself in a chimney. There was a fireplace but no fire, and no one would have thought of looking for him up there. He was so covered with soot when he got out that he was taken for a black fox.

A Perfect Cure.

Mrs. Haigh—Did that idea of putting whisky in your husband's tea to cure him of drink succeed?

Mrs. Beigh—Oh, well, he hasn't dropped a drop since.

Mrs. Haigh—Of whisky?

Mrs. Beigh—No, of tea.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Trouble Coming After School.

Johnnie Jones—My sister has been took with the measles, teacher.

Teacher—Then you'd better go home at once, Johnnie, and stay there till she gets well.

Freddy Brown—Please, teacher, Johnnie's sister is stopping with his aunt in Chicago.

Not Synonymous.

Dubley—He's a good Christian, any way.

Wiseman—Hph! Not much, he isn't!

Dubley—Why, you've said so yourself.

Wiseman—Nothing of the sort. I said he was a church member.—*Philadelphia Press*

AVOID CONFUSION

Administrators, Guardians and others, may avoid confusions, from the mingling of private and trust funds, by opening separate accounts at this bank. Drop in and let us talk over this important matter.

Ada National Bank

Ada, Ind. Ter.

Our Stockholders have a combined wealth of over \$500,000.00.

The Long Distance Telephone</h

Andrew Carnegie

Says the best way to accumulate money is to resolutely save and bank a fixed portion of your income, no matter how small the amount. Suppose you follow the advice of Carnegie who started in life poor and open an account with

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PERSONAL MENTION

J. W. Gillett of Byars spent Sunday in the city.

J. R. Ingram made a business trip to Kiefer.

W. C. Rollow attended to business at Francis.

See the new lace and embroidery at the Surprise Store. 75-21

Though drunk, he was wise, for he knew the way home.

Messrs. Roland and Shook were here from Roff today.

W. B. Jones groomed himself up today and went to Sulphur.

Special values in Corset Cover Embroidery. Surprise Store. 75-21

Arthur Clark and wife have returned from a visit to Stonewall.

Rev. T. B. Harrell left for Tupelo where he will conduct a meeting.

Harmon Ebey came home today after an extended visit in Texas.

Perry Lanham of Center shipped six cars of beef cattle to Chicago today.

Charles Bryant is convalescent after a week's struggle with the measles.

I. McNair returned from a flying visit to his old home, Fredonia, Kansas.

A shipment of lace and embroidery just received. Surprise Store. 75-21

Mrs. John Rinard departed today for a summer visit at her old home, Waco, Texas.

C. D. Freece and wife are here from Texas on a visit with his brother, W. H. Freece.

F. C. Sabourin of Muskogee, representing the Frisco, is here today on land matters.

Jess Fisher and family left today for Kiefer where he will engage in the blacksmith business.

Mrs. J. F. Floyd of Tupelo arrived here today enroute home from an extended visit in Texarkana, Texas. Mr. Floyd met her here.

Mrs. S. J. Young, after a several months' stay with her daughter, Mrs. R. M. Roddie, returned today to her home at Pulaski, Tenn.

T. L. Rippey, C. H. Ennis, and John Beard, as appraisers, went down to Fitzhugh this morning to legally condemn a piece of land wanted by the Frisco for a stock pen.

Rev. W. R. Chandler, commencing this evening will conduct revival services in North Ada at the Baptist church, at which the public is invited to attend.

Chapman Brand Shoes

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE GUARANTEED PATENT

\$5

We have the finest line of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in Ada. You will get better satisfaction and save money in buying shoes at our exclusive shoe store.

CHAPMAN

The Shoe Man

CHRISTIAN REVIVAL CLOSED.

From the Manger to the Throne

Subject of Lecture Tonight. The revival meeting at the First Christian church, conducted by Evangelist Fife and son, came to a close last night. There were thirty conversions and additions to the church. These are nearly all grown up people, and valuable additions to the church. The house was crowded last night, and the meeting was one of the best during the series. The sermon was a new presentation of the story of the "Prodigal son." The evangelist hit upon a rather novel scheme by giving an exhortation and extending the gospel invitation before the sermon. Two people came forward. Then he preached the sermon and extended a second invitation and a young man came forward to confess Christ. At the close of the service all of the new members stood up in a line about the room and all of the members marched around the room to extend to them in person the hand of fellowship. This carried the minds of the old people back to the old time ways.

The evangelist spoke very highly of the reception and kindness they had received at the hands of the church and people of Ada, and especially for the courtesies of the press of our city.

The Pastor, Rev. Kirtley, and his members were loud in their expression of appreciation of the evangelists and their work.

Evangelist Fife and son will remain over till tonight to give an illustrated lecture on "From the Manger to the Throne," under the auspices of the ladies aid society of the church for the benefit of their organ fund. This lecture will be illustrated with fine stereoptican views, and will be a treat to all who hear it.

Ex-Convict Lectures.

Ira N. Terrill, widely known as a man of talent who spent a dozen years in the Kansas penitentiary as the result of a foul conspiracy against him, he says—spoke on Main street today on the subject, "The Kansas Slave Pen" and "Oklahoma's Constitution."

In scathing manner he denounced the republican powers, particularly president Roosevelt and Governors Hoch and Frantz.

Ate Too Many Plums—Dead. Ruth White, the ten year old daughter of Mock Holman, an employee of the Oklahoma Central, who lives in North Ada, lies dead, from the unusual cause of eating a lot of plums whole.

The child Sunday afternoon was found in the yard unconscious. It was found she had eaten a lot of fruit, particularly some plums, seeds and all. Physicians were summoned but could only give temporary relief. In a few hours the child was dead.

Flushed a Poker Party.

Bill Jacks, Henry Stewart, Sam Watson, Tom Jones and H. Harvey, those are the names as they appear on the mayor's docket—of some prominent Ada gentlemen who pleaded guilty Monday to gambling Saturday night.

Night Watch George Culver, with his eagle eye—or nose—detected some thing wrong in a rooming house. Deputizing Tom Dodgins, he raided the place and flushed a jolly poker party.

The result is as above set forth.

Business Change.

H. C. Evans has moved his hardware shop to Holifield's hardware store. The building vacated by him is now occupied by Brinson Bro's, recently from Holdenville, who have started up the C. O. D. grocery.

At the Court House.

Officers Chapman and Morrie brought in from Midland one Willard Tinsley charged with selling booze. M. W. Kirk was arrested Saturday on a charge of trafficking in the beverage contraband. His preliminary was set for this afternoon.

Editors' Outing.

The editors of The News were appreciative guests at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. John Staggs, near Sandy, Saturday night. Had a big time fishing and eating fish. Mr. Staggs is one of our most successful and progressive farmers.

The come and go feeling that you experience after taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is simply wonderful. Drugs increase your weakness. This remedy does the business. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Ramsey's drug store.

Success in life is accompanied by increase of enemies. That's why Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has so many imitators; it's a success. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Ramsey's drug store.

C. A. Greenless went north toward Tulsa this morning in search of the car of machinery needed to erect the gas well rig north of town. The shipment was made nearly a week ago and no trace can be found of it.

Cosmetics will ruin the complexion. There's no beauty practice equal to the effects of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It keeps the entire body in perfect health. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. Ramsey's drug store.

When hot and tired and thirsty just stop at Ramsey's and make a noise like

ORANGEADE, Only 5c, Try It.

RAMSEY'S DRUG STORE

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Takes Halls Family pills for Con-

stipation.

LEADING PROFESSIONAL MEN

FURMAN & CROXTON

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Will do a general Civil and

Criminal Practice.

Office in Duncan Building.

C. A. Galbraith Tom D. McKeown

GALBRAITH & MCKEOWN

LAWYERS

Over Citizens National Bank

Ada, Ind. Ter.

DR. H. T. SAFFARRANS

Dentist

In Freeman Bldg. Ada, I. T.

T. H. Granger B. H. Erb

GRANGER & ERB

DENTISTS

Rooms 1, 2 and 3 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.

DR. T. W. CHADWICK,

VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST.

Is now located at

the Texas Wagon Yard.

Examination free.

Residence phone 305; Office phone 306.

TONIGHT

3 HOURS DAILY at

3

4:00, 8:00, 9:00 pm

at the

ELECTRIC

THEATRE

Two doors west of Harris Hotel.

Program:

1—Illustrated Songs, "Wait Till the

Sun Shines Nellie."

2—Motion Picture—"A Tale of the

Stage"

3—Illustrated Song, "Where the Swa-

nee River Winds its Silvery Way."

4—Motion Pictures—"A Magician."

A Special Feature in Colors—"THE

Hooligans of the West."

Show begins promptly at 8:00 and lasts

one hour.

Admission 10c to All.

Programs changed on Mondays and

Thursdays.

ADA STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

is given up to be best. Do

Largest Agency Work

of any plant in this Territory.

Want A Bath?

Then get a good clean one. Hot or

Cold, at High & Litzman's Barber

Shop, next door to English Kitchen.

AT

O. B. WEAVER AGENCY

R. O. WHEELER, Manager

To All Our Customers,

And Others:

We have bought the W. S. Akers Meat Market and have moved

it into our store and will handle all kinds of meats and would be pleased

to have you give us a trial.

Phone 92 for Fresh Meats

and Groceries

Duffal & Price

There is more catarrh in this sec-

tion of the country than all other dis-

eases put together, and until the

last few years was supposed to

be incurable. For a great many years

doctors pronounced it a local dis-

ease and prescribed local remedies,

and by constantly failing to cure by

local treatment, pronounced it incur-

able. Science has proved catarrh to

be a constitutional disease and there-

fore requires constitutional treat-

ment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufac-

tured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo,

Ohio, is the only constitutional cure

on the market. It is taken internally

in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful.

It acts directly on the blood and

mucous surfaces of the system. They

offer one hundred dollars for any

case it fails to cure. Send for circu-

lar and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., To-

ledo, Ohio.

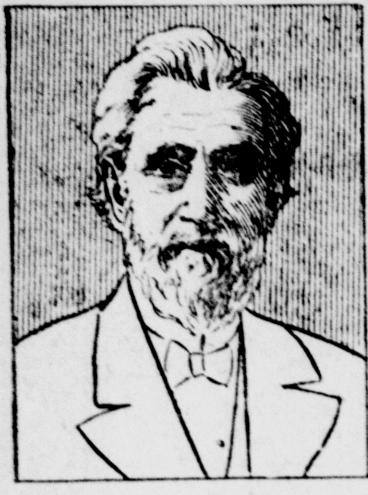
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Takes Halls Family pills for Con-

stipation.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SENATOR SPOONER'S SUCCESSOR



Isaac Stephenson, who won the long drawn out fight for the United States senate seat vacated by John C. Spooner, is a multi-millionaire lumberman and iron miner of Wisconsin. He and his brother Samuel of Menominee, Mich., were born in New Brunswick and came to Michigan when Samuel was eight years old and Isaac six. Iron ore was discovered on the lands on which they settled, just about the time they had grown up.

Isaac's land lay across the Wisconsin line. Samuel's was on the Michigan side. They became residents of the states in which their property was situated and rapidly accumulated wealth.

Both sought congressional honors. Samuel served four terms in congress from his Michigan district and Isaac served three terms in congress from Wisconsin. Isaac was a candidate for senatorial honors twice before. He is 77 years old and his home is in Marinette. It is said of "Uncle Isaac" that he has been the unluckiest and the worst-treated "big" man in Wisconsin. So far as known, few of the men he boosted into place and power ever proved faithful to him. One might run down a long list and show up some rather treacherous friends, but Mr. Stephenson himself seriously would decry such a revelation.

Senator Stephenson is a many-sided man. He is a banker, a lumberman, a promoter of great industries, a farmer, a yachtsman, a fisherman, a devotee of out-of-door sports such as horse racing, and a philosophical man of affairs. He believes in churches, though not himself a member of any denomination. He has contributed thousands of dollars to Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and other religious societies. He has built new church edifices and bought beffry chimes galore.

Mr. Stephenson is no orator and will not endeavor to make extended speeches in the upper branch of congress. He will do his work in committee rooms and at the White House—the work that counts for the state and his constituents.

REIGN OF "BOSS" ENDED



Abraham (commonly called "Abe") Ruef, who recently pleaded guilty to accepting a bribe, was for years a conspicuous figure in the political life of San Francisco. He made Schmitz mayor, he controlled the Republican and Labor party machines, and he was dictator of the police force and of the saloon element. Ruef's father was well off in this world's goods and gave his son a good education. The confessed criminal is a fair Greek and Latin scholar, and has an intimate acquaintance not only with German, but with French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese. His linguistic abilities account in part for his political success. He began life as a lawyer's clerk and made rapid progress in the profession, and it is said of him that had he not abused his manifold talents he would have made a name and a place for himself.

Ruef, secure in the power of his machine, for years defied the press and the decent element of the city. A lawyer and a graduate of the University of California, he represented a curious phase of the educated man in practical politics.

Ruef had a genius for organization. When the police began to interfere with the saloonkeepers, Ruef, as Mayor Schmitz' legal adviser, acted also as their legal adviser. Enormous fees for his services looked safer than weekly or monthly blackmail. The resorts of vice, cheap and fashionable, soon recognized his extraordinary skill as an attorney. There was trouble about building permits and Ruef intervened for more big fees. To get along with the police, the saloons found it expedient to pay excessive prices for liquors, cigars and cigarettes and glassware to certain firms favored by the Ruef-Schmitz administration. The dives of Chinatown gave up thousands. A street railway franchise was sold for \$150,000, it is said.

Aside from the newspapers few dared to antagonize Ruef. It was necessary for President Roosevelt to send Francis J. Heney to San Francisco as a prosecuting official to call an honest grand jury.

EGYPT'S NEW RULER



As the successor of Lord Cromer, the man who for 20 years has been the real ruler of Egypt, though nominally merely the British consul general there, Sir Eldon Gorst has a most difficult post to fill. Gorst does not lack admirers, who declare that he will prove the right man in the right place. He is the eldest son of a remarkably able man, Sir John Eldon Gorst, who is still living. He was named after his father, long before, of course, it was known that he had inherited his father's brains.

When his ability brought him a knighthood he dropped his first name, that there might not be two Sir Johns in the family. But in Egypt everybody still speaks of him as "Johnnie" Gorst. He went there when 26 as an attaché, and rose rapidly through the diplomatic grades. Great administrative talents and conspicuous social gifts commanded him to Lord Cromer, and within an extraordinarily short time he had become under-secretary to the ministry of finance, and again adviser to the ministry of the interior. "Adviser" in Egypt is a euphemism for the British official who is really the boss, but nominally the subordinate of the minister at the head of a department. He was financial adviser to the Egyptian government, when in 1903, he was summoned to London to assist the foreign office in the negotiations which resulted in the Anglo-French agreement that so largely contributed to giving England a free hand in Egypt. His services were rewarded by giving him one of the most responsible positions in the permanent civil service, that of under-secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Sir Eldon is 46. He has time in which to make for himself a name that will rival that of Lord Cromer.

Sir Eldon knows all the ropes in Egypt, is personally acquainted with everybody who counts there and speaks Arabic and the native dialect fluently.

AGAIN TO BE A BRIDE



Anna Gould is the subject of society gossip of the moment in France. A romance, it is said, of some years standing, is to be consummated shortly by marriage. The former Countess de Castellane (Bon) has for a long time had two steadfast admirers or at least two great friends whom she admired. One is a Frenchman, the other an Englishman.

The moment there seemed to be a possibility that she could wed again there was much gay gossip as to the chances of the two men. The betting was on the Englishman, for it was thought la petite Americaine had had a sufficiency of the French husband.

But now it is said that the Frenchman is the first favorite and that in the course of the near future Anna Gould will once more change her name. It is the general opinion among men who know her that while Anna Gould is a sweet little woman she is not attractive in face or form. But she dresses magnificently, has charming piquant ways and manners and still possesses quite a hoard of good American dollars.

And when a man is as poor as a church mouse and a rich woman falls in love with him, what in heaven's name can he do?

Anna Gould has quite recovered her position in society largely due to Henry White, the new ambassador to France. The other week a reception was held at Holy Trinity lodge by the American colony in Paris in honor of the new ambassador. There were some hundreds of the smartest Americans and Parisians present. Mr. White shook hands cordially with Anna Gould and held her in a long conversation. His cue was immediately followed and the former countess was warmly taken to the bosom of all present.

A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

(Copyright, by
Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Tharpe had been silent throughout the meal. He knew, as well as did his wife, sitting on the opposite side of the table, that one of his difficult spells was upon him—and that it would be days before he could hope to shake off its influence. He was absentmindedly scrawling on the linen cloth with the prongs of his fork, his food scarcely touched.

Dallas watched him narrowly. She knew when she married Tharpe that she had undertaken a tremendous proposition. She loved him, and that bridged every prospective mental hardship she would probably be called upon to endure. So—notwithstanding her thorough knowledge of his former career, and her keen insight into his present character and inevitable temperament—she slipped quite willingly into the yoke.

Presently he looked up from his plate and encountered her eyes with a curious, ironical glance.

"I am going away, Dallas," he said; "you know why."

"Going—away?" She dropped her knife and fork and stared at him in hurt silence.

"When shall we start, Douglas?" she asked.

"We! I said that I was going—"

"But I thought, naturally—" she interpolated swiftly, and broke off, a disappointed look creeping into her eyes.

Tharpe shook his head, his eyes averted stubbornly from her pleading gaze. After a little, he ventured to look up.

"It is just this, Dallas. The devil's got his claws in me again, and—and I've got to do something. I've got to get away, by myself, and fight him down—strangle him for good and all—if I can. You've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and I'm determined—don't try to dissuade me, dear—I'm in earnest, fearful earnest."

Dallas said nothing, though her eyes filled with tears.

"Would you wish me to have your things packed, or would you rather attend to it yourself? I hope you will not be long away, dear."

"I'll see about packing. Are you going to miss me?" he demanded abruptly.

"Am I? Oh, Douglas!" She rose and went up to him, laying one of her hands, cool and slender as a white lily, on his shoulder.

He took her suddenly in his arms and crushed her against him.

"God knows I wish—" he stopped half way the sentence held her off from him, searching her eyes deeply, jealously.

"Dallas!" he cried, after a moment, "tell me; if I should stay for—say years, and then come back—would it be just the same between us?" He was trembling visibly.

"Dallas," she cried, "that is mine. He—he gave it to me!"

Tharpe refolded it and laid it back on the table.

Dallas collected herself instantly and apologized. "Really, she said, "I'm so unstrung, you must think me ridiculous. I—I was afraid you might destroy the paper, and—and—"

"It is merely a discharge," he interrupted, gently, "and doesn't especially matter, now that he's dead. Let's go into another room, dear."

Dallas caught her breath sharply. When they were first married, she had made a clean breast of her affair with Villiers, and the subject, by tacit consent, had been closed forever. It was some time before she replied.

"I had forgotten that such a person existed."

He regarded her quizzically for an instant.

"I am afraid it is a pity you did not choose him—instead of me," he pursued, tentatively. "I suppose he would have made you happier."

"When you talk in that fashion, Douglas, there is really no answer I can make. Anything I might say would tend only to make matters worse," she said wearily.

A sudden revulsion of feeling seized him.

"Forgive me, sweetheart. I am a miserable brute. That is just why I want to get away—to beat it to death, the fiend that is eating up my very vitals."

Dallas lifted her head and looked at him bravely.

"You trust me, Douglas?" she questioned wistfully.

"You know it." But even as he spoke, she caught his tell-tale flush, his shifting eyes.

A few words more and they separated for the day. At six, Tharpe came home with the announcement that he would be going on the midnight train. He might return in a month—more likely, it would be twelve.

Mrs. Tharpe had been out the greater part of the day. She came in at twilight with a nagging headache. Throwing herself across a lounge, she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. It was nine o'clock when she started up, with an inexplicable feeling of alarm. Her heart was throbbing fiercely and she felt weak and spent. She rose stiffly and went into the dining room. A tempting lunch was spread for her, but she felt ill and tired, and she left untouched. She returned to her bedroom, shivering all over, and sat down close to the fire. A peremptory ring of the doorbell roused her sharply. She turned the knob and peered out, the full light of the hall chandelier flashing over her pale face.

"Dallas!" She fell back, her hand going to her throat as though she felt stifled.

"You are not going to turn me out to-night? Don't, for God's sake!"

She essayed to speak, but her lips

were dumb. But at last, by a gigantic effort, she found her voice and asked:

"How did you escape?"

"I did not escape. I was pardoned, because—because I was dying. I wandered about till I found out where you were. I knew you wouldn't refuse me to-night." He put out one hand weakly to the wall, to support himself. A violent fit of coughing ensued, after which he went on, gasping: "You see, I haven't any money, and I—well, wanted to be near somebody I had known. You—you'll not refuse me?" The mark of death was already upon the shrunken features.

"Come in," she said gently. "Of course I'll not turn you out. I—my husband is not at home, but it will be all right."

He held a folded paper in his hand; he laid it on the edge of the table. "That is my discharge," he explained, "if you care about looking it over."

She disappeared a moment, and returned with brandy and some food. Then she went out, leaving the sick man alone.

An hour passed. The click of a latchkey in the lock startled Dallas from her reverie. She ran out into the hall, her lips apart, her eyes sparkling.

"Dallas!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. The sound of stifled coughing made him pause abruptly.

"What is that?"

In her excitement over Tharpe's home coming Dallas had almost forgotten the stranger.

"Dallas," she said, after a little, "come into my room and I'll tell you everything. My brother, the youngest one, committed a forgery. He was sent to prison for twenty years. Last week he was pardoned, and—you are not going to be angry?—he has come back to—to die." Her voice trailed off to a whisper and she covered her face with her hands.

There was a momentary silence. Abruptly Tharpe bent and drew her head to his shoulder and kissed her again. An hour later they went in to the sick man's room.

"Brother Fletcher—" Dallas began, then stopped suddenly and turned horrified eyes to her husband. He came up to the bed and stood looking down at the still, pallid face.

"Yes," he said, "there's no doubt of it—he's dead." He moved away as he spoke, and unconsciously his hand rested on the paper that had been left on the table. Dallas watched him with fascinated eyes as he presently picked it up and began to unfold it carelessly.

"Dallas," she cried, "that is mine. He—he gave it to me!"

Tharpe refolded it and laid it back on the table.

Dallas collected herself instantly and apologized. "Really, she said, "I'm so unstrung, you must think me ridiculous. I—I was afraid you might destroy the paper, and—and—"

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VIOLET FARM RUN BY TWO ENERGETIC ENGLISH WOMEN

They Find Pleasure and Profit on Their Acre of Ground
—How They Manage the Business.

Flower growing for women seems a most appropriate occupation, and there is money in it where there is ability and application. What can be done in this line has been demonstrated by two English women whose acre violet farm at Henfield, Sussex county, England, has been supplying the market with a profusion of the choicest violets for years until they have become justly famous, and as to profit-making, the two ladies who farm the Henfield acre will tell you that no manner of earning a living, or of adding to a slender income, is more

From April to June the clumps are planted out under frames for autumn cutting. From June to August the land lies barren. Long rows of frames are full of blooming violets which need the fresh morning five o'clock air, plenty of water, constant attention to their health, and warmth at night when frosts are about. Violets are heirs to many ills—several sorts of afflictions have to be battled with, and especially the dread red spider. All this means that the two ladies have to spend long hours in the open-air.



Watering the Thirsty Violets.

They are up at five

Andrew Carnegie

Says the best way to accumulate money is to resolutely save and bank a fixed portion of your income, no matter how small the amount. Suppose you follow the advice of Carnegie who started in life poor and open an account with

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PERSONAL MENTION

J. W. Cullen of Burns spent Sunday in the city.

W. C. Lee made a business trip to Kansas.

W. C. Lee now intended to pursue business elsewhere.

See the new route and car routes at the Super Sixteens.

Thought drunk he was wise for he knew die with home.

Messrs. Ross and Shook were here from town to day.

W. B. Jones dressed himself up to do and went to Super Sixteens.

Specialty in the cowboy trade.

Arthur Clark and wife have returned from a visit to St. Louis.

Rev. F. E. Hartel left for Mexico where he will conduct a mission.

Arthur Clark came home today after an extended tour in Texas.

Tom Johnson of Center shipped six cases of Mexican cheese today.

Charles Clark is now seen after two weeks' stay with friends.

J. M. Noyes arrived from El Paso this morning to do his business.

Arthur Clark is now seen after a visit to Super Sixteens.

Mrs. John Johnson left for a summer tour in Mexico from Waco to Texas.

John Johnson left for a summer tour in Mexico from Waco to Texas.

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Mrs. S. J. Young and her son stayed with her daughter Mrs. R. M. Kuhlman turned today to her home at Parkside, Tenn.

John Kuhlman and John Young went down to Waco this morning to legally obtain a piece of land wanted by the Frisco for a stock pen.

Rev. W. B. Chandler, commanding this evening will conduct revival services in North Ada at the Baptist church at which the public is invited to attend.

Chapman Brand Shoes

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE GUARANTEED PATENT

\$5

We have the finest line of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in Ada. You will get better satisfaction and save money in buying shoes at our exclusive shoe store

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man

CHRISTIAN REVIVAL CLOSED.

"From the Manger to the Throne" Subject of Lecture Tonight. The revival meeting at the First Christian church conducted by Evangelist Eliel and son came to a close last night. There were thirty conversions and additions to the church. These are nearly all grown up people and valuable additions to the church. The house was crowded last night and the meeting was one of the best during the series. The sermon was a new presentation of the story of the prodigal son. The evangelist hit upon a rather novel scheme by going in extempore and extending the gospel invitation before the sermon. Two people came forward, then he proceeded to sermon and concluded his second invitation and a young man came forward to confess Christ. At the close of the service all the new members stood in a line about the room and their names were written around the room to extend to them the friends of the old people back to the old time ways.

The evangelist spoke very briefly in the meeting and kindness they had received in the hands of the church and people of Ada and especially for the courtesies of the men of our city.

The First Rev. Kuhlman and his friend is well and in the city.

Evangelist Eliel and son will be in town over the weekend to give out ministry to the people in the city.

Get to the throne under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of the church of the Lord of the city.

John Kuhlman and his son are in town.

Specialty in the cowboy trade.

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Another

Marvelous special for this week. Covered preserve stands, holds 1 quart, regularly sold at 15c Special this week 6c.

See our cut price on Queens wares, cups, saucers, plates, bowls, pitchers, dishes, milk pitchers.

Fruit jars—Strictly first-class quality, stamped Ball Mason. Pints 6c, 2 quarts, 69c a doz. Half gallon 79c a doz.

Jelly glasses—We have two sizes, 2c and 3c per doz.

Extra jar caps and rubber 2c per doz.

Bargains on window shades. Opaque shades 3c, 30c. Heavy oil shades and patent spring rollers guaranteed to be best, 5c. Opaque shades, with fancy lace insertion and knotted fringe 3c. Will sell you shade strips adjustable to each.

Vases—Ball flower vases just the thing you need to hold a nice bouquet 2c per pair.

Unfinished fly paper. It is said this cuts contagion. Buy it and top at least a part of it. We sell three double sheets for 2c.

Come and try us you have nothing to lose and all to gain. We sell your business.

The Nickel Store and China Hall.

The 5c and 10c Store of Ada S. M. SHAW Prop.

P. S.—Fine Home Crown Blackberries the best variety we have now ready and can quote you the lowest market price 14c a quart less quantity 3c less 8c.

NOW FOR PROHIBITION

The First State of the United States of North America.

Found what

the sun does not

burn the earth.

Find what

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SENATOR SPOONER'S SUCCESSOR



Isaac Stephenson, who won the long drawn out fight for the United States senate seat vacated by John C. Spooner, is a multi-millionaire lumberman and iron miner of Wisconsin. He and his brother Samuel of Menominee, Mich., were born in New Brunswick and came to Michigan when Samuel was eight years old and Isaac six. Iron ore was discovered on the lands on which they settled, just about the time they had grown up.

Isaac's land lay across the Wisconsin line. Samuel's was on the Michigan side. They became residents of the states in which their property was situated and rapidly accumulated wealth.

Both sought congressional honors. Samuel served four terms in congress from his Michigan district and Isaac served three terms in congress from Wisconsin. Isaac was a candidate for senator twice before.

It is said of "Uncle Isaac" that he has been the unluckiest and the worst treated "big" man in Wisconsin. So far as is known, few of the men he boasted into place and power ever proved faithful to him. One might run down a long list and show up some rather treacherous friends, but Mr. Stephenson himself seriously would deny such a revelation.

Senator Stephenson is a many-sided man. He is a banker, a lumberman, a promoter of great industries, a farmer, a yachtsman, a fisherman, a devotee of out-door sports such as horse racing, and a philosophical man of affairs. He believes in churches, though not himself a member of any denomination. He has contributed thousands of dollars to Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and other religious societies. He has built new church edifices and bought half a dozen chimes glockenspiels.

Mr. Stephenson is no orator and will not endeavor to make extended speeches in the upper branch of congress. He will do his work in committee rooms and at the White House—the work that counts for the state and his constituents.

REIGN OF "BOSS" ENDED



Abraham (commonly called "Abe") Ruef, who recently pleaded guilty to accepting a bribe, was for years a conspicuous figure in the political life of San Francisco. He made Schmitz mayor, he controlled the Republican and Labor party machines, and he was dictator of the police force and of the saloon element. Ruef's father was well off in this world's goods and gave his son a good education. The confessed criminal is a fair Greek and Latin scholar, and has an intimate acquaintance not only with German, but with French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese. His linguistic abilities account in part for his political success. He began life as a lawyer's clerk and made rapid progress in the profession, and it is said of him that had he not abused his manifold talents he would have made a name and a place for himself.

Ruef, seated in the power of his machine, for years defied the press and the decent element of the city. A lawyer and a graduate of the University of California, he represented a vicious phase of the educated man in practical politics.

Ruef had a genius for organization. When the police began to interfere with the saloonkeepers, Ruef, as Mayor Schmitz' legal adviser, acted also as their legal adviser. Enormous fees for his services looked safer than weekly or monthly blackmail. The resorts of vice, cheap and fashionable, soon recognized his extraordinary skill as an attorney. There was trouble about building permits and Ruef intervened to no more bad fees. To get along with the police, the saloons found it expedient to pay excessive prices for liquor, cigars and cigarettes, and glassware to certain firms favored by the Ruef Schmitz administration. The driver of Chinatown gave up thousands. A street railway franchise was sold for \$150,000, it is said.

Aside from the newspapers few dared to antagonize Ruef. It was necessary for President Roosevelt to send Francis J. Heney to San Francisco as a prosecuting official to call an honest grand jury.

EGYPT'S NEW RULER



As the successor of Lord Cromer, the man who for 20 years has been the real ruler of Egypt, though nominally merely the British consul general there, Sir Eldon Gorst has a most difficult post to fill. Gorst does not lack admirers, who declare that he will prove the right man in the right place. He is the eldest son of a remarkably able man, Sir John Eldon Gorst, who is still living. He was named after his father, long before, of course; it was known that he had inherited his father's brains.

When his ability brought him a knighthood he dropped his first name, that there might not be two Sir Johns in the family. But in Egypt everybody still speaks of him as "Johnnie" Gorst. He went there when 26 as an attaché, and rose rapidly through the diplomatic grades. Great administrative talents and conspicuous social gifts commended him to Lord Cromer, and within an extraordinarily short time he had become under-secretary to the ministry of finance, and again adviser to the ministry of the interior. "Adviser" in Egypt is a euphemism for the British official who is really the boss, but nominally the subordinate of the minister at the head of a department. He was financial adviser to the Egyptian government, when in 1903 he was summoned to London to assist the foreign office in the negotiations which resulted in the Anglo-French agreement that so largely contributed to giving England a free hand in Egypt. His services were rewarded by giving him one of the most responsible positions in the permanent civil service, that of under-secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Sir Eldon is 46. He has time in which to make for himself a name that will rival that of Lord Cromer.

Sir Eldon knows all the ropes in Egypt, is personally acquainted with everybody who counts there and speaks Arabic and the native dialect fluently.

AGAIN TO BE A BRIDE



Anna Gould is the subject of society gossip of the moment in France. A romance, it is said, of some years standing, is to be consummated shortly by marriage. The former Countess de Castellane (Bon) has for a long time had two steadfast admirers or at least two great friends whom she admires. One is a Frenchman, the other an Englishman.

The moment there seemed to be a possibility that she could wed again there was much gay gossip as to the chances of the two men. The betting was on the Englishman, for it was thought la petite Américaine had had a sufficiency of the French husband.

But now it is said that the Frenchman is the first favorite and that in the course of the near future Anna Gould will once more change her name. It is the general opinion among men who know her that while Anna Gould is a sweet little woman she is not attractive in face or form. But she dresses magnificently, has charming piquant ways and manners and still possesses quite a hand of good American dollars.

And when a man is as poor as a church mouse and a rich woman falls in love with him, what in heaven's name can he do?

Anna Gould has quite recovered her position in society largely due to Henry White, the new ambassador to France. The other week a reception was held at Holy Trinity Lodge by the American colony in Paris in honor of the new ambassador. There were some hundreds of the smartest Americans and Parisians present. Mr. White shook hands cordially with Anna Gould and held her in a long conversation. His cue was immediately followed and the former countess was warmly taken to the bosom of all present.

A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

(Copyright, by
Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Tharpe had been silent throughout the meal. He knew, as well as did his wife, sitting on the opposite side of the table, that one of his difficult spells was upon him—and that it would be days before he could hope to shake off its influence. He was absentmindedly scrawling on the linen cloth with the prongs of his fork, his food scarcely touched.

Dallas watched him narrowly. She knew when she married Tharpe that she had undertaken a tremendous proposition. She loved him, and that bridged every prospective mental hardship she would probably be called upon to endure. So—notwithstanding her thorough knowledge of his former career, and her keen insight into his present character and inevitable temperament—she slipped quite willingly into the yoke.

Presently he looked up from his plate and encountered her eyes with a curious, ironical glance.

"I am going away, Dallas," he said; "you know why."

"Going—away?" She dropped her knife and fork and stared at him in hush silence.

"When shall we start, Douglas?" she asked.

"We? I said that I was going—"

"But I thought, naturally—" she interpolated swiftly, and broke off, a disappointed look creeping into her eyes.

Tharpe shook his head, his eyes averted stubbornly from her pleading gaze. After a little, he ventured to look up.

"It is just this, Dallas. The devil's got his claws in me again, and— and I've got to do something. I've got to get away, by myself, and fight him down—strangle him for good and all—if I can. You've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and I'm determined—don't try to dissuade me, dear—I'm in earnest, fearful earnest."

Dallas said nothing, though her eyes filled with tears.

"Would you wish me to have your things packed, or would you rather attend to it yourself? I hope you will not be long away, dear."

"I'll see about packing. Are you going to miss me?" he demanded abruptly.

"Am I? Oh, Douglas!" She rose and went up to him, laying one of her hands, cool and slender as a white lily, on his shoulder.

He took her suddenly in his arms and crushed her against him.

"God knows I wish—" he stopped half way the sentence held her off from him, searching her eyes deeply, jealously.

"Dallas!" he cried, after a moment, "tell me; if I should stay for—say years, and then come back—would it be just the same between us?" He was trembling visibly.

His wife paled, but controlled herself by an effort.

"Always," she said. Her heart contracted.

"By the way," he remarked, presently, in a changed tone, "whatever became of the man, Ashton Villiers?"

Dallas caught her breath sharply. When they were first married, she had made a clean breast of her affair with Villiers, and the subject, by tacit consent, had been closed forever. It was some time before she replied.

"I had forgotten that such a person existed."

He regarded her quizzically for an instant.

"I am afraid it is a pity you did not choose him—instead of me," he pursued, tentatively. "I suppose he would have made you happier."

"When you talk in that fashion, Douglas, there is really no answer I can make. Anything I might say would tend only to make matters worse," she said wearily.

A sudden revulsion of feeling seized him.

"Forgive me, sweetheart. I am a miserable brute. That is just why I want to get away—to beat it to death, the fiend that is eating up my very vitals."

Dallas lifted her head and looked at him bravely.

"You trust me, Douglas?" she questioned wistfully.

"You know it." But even as he spoke, she caught his tell-tale flush, his shifting eye.

A few words more and they separated for the day. At six, Tharpe came home with the announcement that he would be going on the midnight train. He might return in a month—more likely, it would be twelve.

Mrs. Tharpe had been out the greater part of the day. She came in at twilight with a nagging headache. Throwing herself across a lounge, she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. It was nine o'clock when she started up, with an inexplicable feeling of alarm. Her heart was throbbing fiercely and she felt weak and spent. She rose stiffly and went into the dining room. A tempting lunch was spread for her, but she felt ill and tired, and she left it untouched. She returned to her bedroom, shivering all over, and sat down close to the fire. A tempestuous ring of the doorbell roused her sharply. She turned the knob and peered out the full light of the hall chandelier flashing over her pale face.

"Dallas!"

She fell back, her hand going to her throat as though she felt stifled.

"You are not going to turn me out to-night? Don't, for God's sake!"

She essayed to speak, but her lips

were dumb. But at last, by a gigantic effort, she found her voice and asked:

"How did you escape?"

"I did not escape. I was pardoned, because—because I was dying. I wandered about till I found out where you were. I knew you wouldn't refuse me to-night." He put out one hand weakly to the wall, to support himself.

A violent fit of coughing ensued, after which he went on, gaspingly: "You see, I haven't any money, and I—well, I wanted to be near somebody I had known. You—you'll not refuse me?" The mark of death was already upon the shrunken features.

"Come in," she said gently. "Of course I'll not turn you out. I—my husband is not at home, but it will be all right."

He held a folded paper in his hand; he laid it on the edge of the table. "That is my discharge," he explained, "if you care about looking it over."

She disappeared a moment, and returned with brandy and some food. Then she went out, leaving the sick man alone.

An hour passed. The click of a latchkey in the lock startled Dallas from her reverie. She ran out into the hall, her lips apart, her eyes sparkling.

"Dallas!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. The sound of stifled coughing made him pause abruptly.

"What is that?"

In her excitement over Tharpe's homecoming Dallas had almost forgotten the stranger.

"Dallas," she said, after a little. "Come into my room and I'll tell you everything. My brother, the youngest one, committed a forgery. He was sent to prison for twenty years. Last week he was pardoned, and—you are not going to be angry?"—he has come back to—die." Her voice trailed off to a whisper and she covered her face with her hands.

Dallas said nothing, though her eyes filled with tears.

"Would you wish me to have your things packed, or would you rather attend to it yourself? I hope you will not be long away, dear."

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VIOLET FARM RUN BY TWO ENERGETIC ENGLISH WOMEN

They Find Pleasure and Profit on Their Acre of Ground
—How They Manage the Business.

Flower growing for women seems a most appropriate occupation, and there is money in it where there is ability and application. What can be done in this line has been demonstrated by two English women whose acre violet farm at Henfield, Sussex county, England, has been supplying the market with a profusion of the choicest violets for years until they have become justly famous, and as to profit-making, the two ladies who farm the Henfield acre will tell you that no manner of earning living, or of adding to a slender income, is more

From April to June the clumps are planted out under frames for autumn cutting. From June to August the land lies barren.

Long rows of frames are full of

blooming violets which need the fresh morning air, plenty

of water, constant attention to their

health, and warmth at night when

Andrew Carnegie

Says the best way to accumulate money is to resolutely save and bank a fixed portion of your income, no matter how small the amount. Suppose you follow the advice of Carnegie who started in life poor and open an account with

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PERSONAL MENTION

J. W. Calfee et Ives spent Sunday in the city.

F. K. in town made a business trip to Kansas.

W. C. now intended to make a business trip to Kansas.

See the new fire in the lobby of the Surprise Store.

Enough drink he was wise not to know the way home.

Messrs. Koeke and Shook were here from Iola to tax.

W. B. Jones dressed himself up to day and went to Salina.

Special visitors in the city from Iola include: Squires, Soddy, etc.

Arthur Clark and wife have returned from Iola to stay.

Rev. F. J. French left for Frisco where he will conduct services.

Humanity is coming here today after unceasal'd work in Texas.

Rev. Frank C. French stopped six days at the city office today.

Charles Evans is here again after two weeks stay with the messrs. H. C. and F. C. Evans.

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Mrs. S. J. Young and her several months stay with her daughter Mrs. R. M. Kuhn turned today to her home at Puteski, Iola.

L. J. Kapp, C. H. Evans and John Beardsley and sons were down to Frisco this morning to finally conclude a piece of land wanted by the Frisco for a stock pen.

Rev. W. B. French coming this evening will conduct services in Noyes Auditorium at the Baptist church at which the public is invited to attend.

Chapman Brand Shoes

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE GUARANTEED PATENT

\$5

We have the finest line of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in Ada. You will get better satisfaction and save money in buying shoes at our exclusive shoe store

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Men

CHRISTIAN REVIVAL CLOSED.

"From the Manger to the Throne" Subject of Lecture Tonight.

The revival meeting at the First Christian church conducted by Evangelist Fife and son came to a close last night. There were thirty conversions and additions to the church. These are mostly all grown up people and valuable additions to the church. The house was crowded last night and the meeting was one of the best during the series. The sermon was a new presentation of the story of the Good Shepherd. The evangelist hit upon a rather novel scheme by giving an exhortation and extending the gospel invitation before the sermon. Two people came forward then he preached the sermon and extended a cord of invitation and a young man came forward to confess Christ. At the close of the service all of the new members stood up in the front of the room and all the minstrels marched around the room to extend to them in person the hand of fellowship. This tried the hearts of the old people back to the old time ways.

The evangelist spoke very briefly at the reception and kindness they had received in the hearts of the church and people of Ada and especially for the courtesy of the pres. of our city.

The First Rev. Knott and his family were found in their seats after some of the excitement of the evangelist over took them.

Evangelist Fife and son will remain over a week to give a final touch to the work of the Rev. in the city.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

SENATOR SPOONER'S SUCCESSOR



Isaac Stephenson, who won the long drawn out fight for the United States senate seat vacated by John C. Spooner, is a multi-millionaire lumberman and iron miler of Wisconsin. He and his brother Samuel of Menominee, Mich., were born in New Brunswick and came to Michigan when Samuel was eight years old and Isaac six. Iron ore was discovered on the lands on which they settled, just about the time they had grown up.

Isaac's land lay across the Wisconsin line. Samuel's was on the Michigan side. They became residents of the states in which their property was situated and rapidly accumulated wealth.

Both sought congressional honors. Samuel served four terms in congress from his Michigan district and Isaac served three terms in congress from Wisconsin. Isaac was a candidate for senatorial honors twice before. He is 77 years old and his home is in Marinette.

It is said of "Uncle Isaac" that he has been the unluckiest and the worst-treated "big" man in Wisconsin. So far as known, few of the men he boasted into place and power ever proved faithful to him. One might run down a long list and show up some rather treacherous friends, but Mr. Stephenson himself seriously would deny such a revelation.

Senator Stephenson is a many-sided man. He is a banker, a lumberman, a promoter of great industries, a farmer, a yachtsman, a fisherman, a devotee of out-door sports such as horse racing, and a philosophical man of affairs.

He believes in churches, though not himself a member of any denomination. He has contributed thousands of dollars to Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist and other religious societies. He has built new church edifices and bought belfry chimes galore.

Mr. Stephenson is no orator and will not endeavor to make extended speeches in the upper branch of congress. He will do his work in committee rooms and at the White House—the work that counts for the state and his constituents.

REIGN OF "BOSS" ENDED

Abraham (commonly called "Abe") Ruef, who recently pleaded guilty to accepting a bribe, was for years a conspicuous figure in the political life of San Francisco. He made Schmitz mayor, he controlled the Republican and Labor party machines, and he was dictator of the police force and of the saloon element. Ruef's father was well off in this world's goods and gave his son a good education. The confessed criminal is a fair Greek and Latin scholar, and has an intimate acquaintance not only with German, but with French, Spanish, Italian and Portuguese. His linguistic abilities account in part for his political success. He began life as a lawyer's clerk and made rapid progress in the profession, and it is said of him that had he not abused his manifold talents he would have made a name and a place for himself.

Ruef, seen in the power of his machine, for years defied the press and the decent element of the city. A lawyer and a graduate of the University of California, he represented a curious phase of the educated man in practical politics.

Ruef had a genius for organization. When the police began to interfere with the saloonkeepers, Ruef, as Mayor Schmitz' legal adviser, acted also as their legal adviser. Enormous fees for his services looked sicker than weekly or monthly blacksmith. The resorts of vice, cheap and fashionable, soon recognized his extraordinary skill as an attorney. There was trouble about building permits and Ruef intervened in more big fees. To get along with the police, the saloons found it expedient to pay excessive prices for liquors, cigars and cigarettes, and glassware to certain firms favored by the Ruef-Schmitz administration. The dives of Chinatown gave up thousands. A street railway franchise was sold for \$150,000, it is said.

Aside from the newspapers few dared to antagonize Ruef. It was necessary for President Roosevelt to send Francis J. Heney to San Francisco as a prosecuting official to call an honest grand jury.



EGYPT'S NEW RULER

As the successor of Lord Cromer, the man who for 20 years has been the real ruler of Egypt, though nominally merely the British consul general there, Sir Eldon Gorst has a most difficult pose to fill. Gorst does not lack admirers, who declare that he will prove the right man in the right place. He is the eldest son of a remarkably able man Sir John Eldon Gorst, who is still living. He was named after his father, long before, of course. It was known that he had inherited his father's brains.

When his ability brought him a knighthood he dropped his first name, that there might not be two Sir Johns in the family. But in Egypt everybody still speaks of him as "Johnnie" Gorst. He went there when 26 as an attaché, and rose rapidly through the diplomatic grades. Great administrative talents and conspicuous social gifts commended him to Lord Cromer, and within an extraordinarily short time he had become under-secretary to the ministry of finance, and again adviser to the ministry of the interior. "Adviser" in Egypt is a euphemism for the British official who is really the boss, but nominally the subordinate of the minister at the head of a department. He was financial adviser to the Egyptian government, when in 1903 he was summoned to London to assist the foreign office in the negotiations which resulted in the Anglo-French agreement that so largely contributed to giving England a free hand in Egypt. His services were rewarded by giving him one of the most responsible positions in the permanent civil service, that of under-secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Sir Eldon is 46. He has time in which to make for himself a name that will rival that of Lord Cromer.

Sir Eldon knows all the ropes in Egypt, is personally acquainted with everybody who counts there and speaks Arabic and the native dialect fluently.

AGAIN TO BE A BRIDE

Anna Gould is the subject of society gossip of the moment in France. A romance, it is said, of some years standing, is to be consummated shortly by marriage. The former Countess de Castellane (Boni) has for a long time had two steadfast admirers or at least two great friends whom she admires. One is a Frenchman, the other an Englishman.

The moment there seemed to be a possibility that she could wed again there was much gay gossip as to the chances of the two men. The betting was on the Englishman, for it was thought the petite Americane had had a sufficiency of the French husband.

But now it is said that the Frenchman is the first favorite and that in the course of the near future Anna Gould will once more change her name. It is the general opinion among men who know her that while Anna Gould is a sweet little woman she is not attractive in face or form. But she dresses magnificently, has charming quaint ways and manners and still possesses quite a hoard of good American dollars.

And when a man is as poor as a church mouse and a rich woman falls in love with him, what in heaven's name can he do?

Anna Gould has quite recovered her position in society largely due to Henry White, the new ambassador to France. The other week a reception was held at Holy Trinity lodge by the American colony in Paris in honor of the new ambassador. There were some hundreds of the smartest Americans and Parisians present. Mr. White shook hands cordially with Anna Gould and held her in a long conversation. His eye was immediately followed and the former countess was warmly taken to the bosom of all present.



A QUESTION OF CONFIDENCE

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

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Tharpe had been silent throughout the meal. He knew, as well as did his wife, sitting on the opposite side of the table, that one of his difficult spells was upon him—and that it would be days before he could hope to shake off its influence. He was absent-mindedly scrawling on the linen cloth with the prongs of his fork, his food scarcely touched.

Dallas watched him narrowly. She knew when she married Tharpe that she had undertaken a tremendous proposition. She loved him, and that bridged every prospective mental hardship she would probably be called upon to endure. So—notwithstanding her thorough knowledge of his former career, and her keen insight into his present character and inevitable temperament—she slipped quite willingly into the yoke.

Presently he looked up from his plate and encountered her eyes with a curious, ironical glance.

"I am going away, Dallas," he said; "you know why."

"Going—away?" She dropped her knife and fork and stared at him in hurt silence.

"When shall we start, Douglas?" she asked.

"We? I said that I was going—"

"But I thought, naturally—" she interpolated swiftly, and broke off, a disappointed look creeping into her eyes.

Tharpe shook his head, his eyes averted stubbornly from her pleading gaze. After a little, he ventured to look up.

"It is just this, Dallas. The devil's got his claws in me again, and—and I've got to do something. I've got to get away, by myself, and fight him down—strangle him for good and all—if I can. You've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and I'm determined—don't try to dissuade me, dear—I—I'm in earnest, fearful earnest."

Dallas said nothing, though her eyes filled with tears.

"Would you wish me to have your things packed, or would you rather attend to it yourself? I hope you will not be long away, dear!"

"I'll see about packing. Are you going to miss me?" he demanded abruptly.

"Am I? Oh, Douglas!" She rose and went up to him, laying one of her hands cool and slender as a white lily on his shoulder.

He took her suddenly in his arms and crushed her against him.

"God knows I wish—" he stopped half way the sentence held her off from him, searching her eyes deeply, jealously.

"Dallas!" he cried, after a moment, "tell me; if I should stay for—say years, and then come back—would it be just the same between us?" He was trembling visibly.

His wife paled, but controlled herself by an effort.

"Always," she said. Her heart contracted.

"By the way," he remarked, presently, in a changed tone, "whatever became of the man, Ashton Villiers?"

Dallas caught her breath sharply. When they were first married, she had made a clean breast of her affair with Villiers, and the subject, by tacit consent, had been closed forever. It was some time before she replied.

"I had forgotten that such a person existed."

He regarded her quizzically for an instant.

"I am afraid it is a pity you did not choose him—instead of me," he pursued, tentatively. "I suppose he would have made you happier."

"When you talk in that fashion, Douglas, there is really no answer I can make. Anything I might say would tend only to make matters worse," she said wearily.

A sudden revulsion of feeling seized him.

"Forgive me, sweetheart. I am a miserable brute. That is just why I want to get away—to beat it to death, the fiend that is eating up my very vitals."

Dallas lifted her head and looked at him bravely.

"You trust me, Douglas?" she questioned wistfully.

"You know it." But even as he spoke, she caught his tell-tale flush, his shifting eye.

A few words more and they separated for the day. At six, Tharpe came home with the announcement that he would be going on the midnight train. He might return in a month—more likely, it would be twelve.

Mrs. Tharpe had been out the greater part of the day. She came in at twilight with a nagging headache. Throwing herself across a lounge, she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. It was nine o'clock when she started up, with an inexplicable feeling of alarm. Her heart was throbbing fiercely and she felt weak and spent. She rose stiffly and went into the dining room. A tempting lunch was spread for her, but she felt ill and tired, and she left it untouched. She returned to her bedroom, shivering all over, and sat down close to the fire. A peremptory ring of the doorbell roused her sharply. She turned the knob and peered out, the full light of the hall chandelier flashing over her pale face.

"Dallas!" She fell back, her hand going to her throat as though she felt stifled.

"You are not going to turn me out to-night? Don't, for God's sake!"

She essayed to speak, but her lips

were dumb. But at last, by a gigantic effort, she found her voice and asked:

"How did you escape?"

"I did not escape. I was pardoned, because—because I was dying. I wandered about till I found out where you were. I knew you wouldn't refuse me to-night." He put out one hand weakly to the wall, to support himself.

"Come in," she said gently. "Of course I'll not turn you out. I—my husband is not at home, but it will be all right."

He held a folded paper in his hand; he laid it on the edge of the table. "That is my discharge," he explained, "if you care about looking it over."

She disappeared a moment, and returned with brandy and some food. Then she went out, leaving the sick man alone.

An hour passed. The click of a latchkey in the lock startled Dallas from her reverie. She ran out into the hall, her lips apart, her eyes sparkling.

"Dallas!" He took her in his arms and kissed her. The sound of stifled coughing made him pause abruptly.

"What is that?" In her excitement over Tharpe's home coming Dallas had almost forgotten the stranger.

"Dallas," she said, after a little, "come into my room and I'll tell you everything. My brother, the youngest one, committed a forgery. He was sent to prison for twenty years. Last week he was pardoned, and—you are not going to be angry?"—he has come back to die." Her voice trailed off to a whisper and she covered her face with her hands.

There was a momentary silence. Abruptly Tharpe bent and drew her head to his shoulder and kissed her again. An hour later they went in to the sick man's room.

"Brother Fletcher—" Dallas began, then stopped suddenly and turned her eyes to her husband. He came up to the bed and stood looking down at the still, pallid face.

"Yes," he said, "there's no doubt of it—he's dead." He moved away as he spoke, and unconsciously his hand rested on the paper that had been left on the table. Dallas watched him with fascinated eyes as he presently picked it up and began to unfold it carelessly.

"Dallas," she cried, "that is mine. He—he gave it to me!"

Dallas retold it and laid it back on the table.

Dallas collected herself instantly and apologized. "Really," she said, "I'm so unstrung you must think me ridiculous. I—I was afraid you might destroy the paper and—"

"It is merely a discharge," he interrupted, gently, "and doesn't especially matter, now that he's dead. Let's go into another room, dear." He put his arm about her and led her away.

When they reached her own room, Dallas was sobbing softly, but sobbing for joy. Thank God, he had come home a "new man"—different. He trusted her at last.

The name on the certificate was Ashton Villiers.

POWER FROM ELECTRIC EELS

Result of Recent Experiments by a Venezuelan Scientist.

Prof. de Esperando, head of the government college at Caracas, Venezuela, had a hundred average sized electric eels captured and copper wire circled around their necks just below the ears and then connected them with a motor, the eels remaining in the river near the shore.

Their violent flopping and contortions proved most uncertain sort of electric current, so he procured another hundred and put them into a zinc bath which he had in his house and connected it with the motor and found that they produced about 20 horse power. With this he ran a mill and lighted up his house and grounds.

The power from each eel sufficed to illuminate 45 candle incandescent lights.

Prof. de Esperando also has found that a motor car can be run for 24 hours with 100 eels in a tank three feet long and one and one-half feet square and weighing complete less than 200 pounds.

It is claimed that the largest ocean steamers afloat can be run with 200,000 eels, producing 40,000 horse power and contained in a tank not larger than 10x10x15. This plant, of course, will have to be duplicated so that when the energy in one is exhausted it can be hoisted from the hold to the deck so that the light from the sun can infuse new energy into it while the power is furnished by the relay plant.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Misunderstanding.

The ardent Frenchman looked tenderly at the fair young angel of his soul. "Je t'aime!" he murmured. "May be I'd better," she returned. "You can't never tell who's listening in this yere house."—Baltimore American.

Victories are like fish; you can't bring them up to be caught, but you must go where they are to get them.

VIOLET FARM RUN BY TWO ENERGETIC ENGLISH WOMEN

They Find Pleasure and Profit on Their Acres of Ground—How They Manage the Business.

Flower growing for women seems a most appropriate occupation, and there is money in it where there is ability and application. What can be done in this line has been demonstrated by two English women whose acre violet farm at Henfield, Sussex county, England, has been supplying the market with a profusion of the choicest violets for years until they have become justly famous, and as to profit-making, the two ladies who farm the Henfield acre will tell you that no manner of earning a living, or of adding to a slender income, is more

From April to June the clumps are planted out under frames for autumn cutting. From June to August the land lies barren.

Long rows of frames are full of blooming violets which need the fresh morning air, plenty of water, constant attention to their health, and warmth at night when frosts are about. Violets are heirs to many ills—several sorts of afflictions have to be battled with, and specially the dread red spider. All this means that the two ladies have to spend long hours in the open-air.



Watering the Thirsty Violets.

They are up at five every summer morning, and at seven in the winter. The ground round the open air violets needs working to insure fine blooms for gathering; but the finest are gathered from the frames, and the morning's harvest is taken to the house for packing and dispatch to all parts of the world. You may see violets from Henfield in Egypt and India.



Gathering the Bright-Faced Blooms.

Henfield are no stream-margins, no banks whereon the violets grow to please themselves. They have to be made to grow to please others. The flame in their perishable little petals must be fed with care. The violets are grown along the line of the land. Picking and sending to the English markets go on from October to April.

You